No. 1 Price 10 Cents

"And now I want the whole story?" he demanded grimly. "About—Bill?" asked Janelle quietly. (See Page 6)

Copyright MCMXXXIII.
The Nielen Publishing Co.
Cincinnati, Ohio.

Janelle

A Word from the Author Concerning this Amazing Story from the Life of a Famous Film Queen

How the yearning and anxiety of a mother's loving heart, beating in the breast of the beautiful Janelle Elliott, led her into the hectic life of Hollywood; how, from an inexperienced girl she became one of the most celebrated stars the Moving Picture world has yet produced; and how the loyal love of one of God's gentlemen sustained her through her many trials, form the principal threads of this intimate story, which is now published for the first time.

Director Hobart Wayne

Forgio, the Artist

Robbed of her baby, the fruit of her youthful love, she willingly gave up a home of luxury, plunging from its shelter into a strange world full of traps and pitfalls and hardships, in her battle for her own flesh and blood.

Regaining her child only to lose it a second time through the cruelty of an arch-fiend; and accused of a crime of which she was innocent; her search eventually led her to the heart of the Moving Picture industry, from whence her name became famous throughout the world, emblazoned in electric lights in the fronts of a thousand theatres.

Bertha

Many men loved her, and many and varied were the experiences through

Gladda Romaine

which she passed. Many were her triumphs and many were her disappointments.

But through it all, like the drum-beat of a primitive dance, there persisted the steady theme, pounded out by her Mother-heart: "My baby! My baby! Where is my baby?"

One does not ascend to the heights of fame and popularity without meeting enemies along the way. Gladda Romaine, a rival actress; Bertha, a gangster's sweetheart; 'Forgio, the artist; Raimonde, the gypsy, were some of these.

Detective O'Hearn

Many were her friends, admirers and lovers. Maxie Cason, the film producer, Hobart Wayne, the movie director, Jim White, the cow-boy, Hank O'Hearn, the detective, and others, all played their parts. For obvious reasons the names of real persons have not, for the most part, been used in the telling of this story.

Raimonde, the Gypsy

Janelle's profession and her search led her to many corners of the land; the sun-drenched West Indies, the teeming jungles of South America, the mighty Pacific Ocean, the sands of the desert, the swamps of Louisiana, (where she witnessed a terrifying Voodoo ceremony) all share their part in the shifting scene with Hollywood, the glamorous.

Jim White, the Cow-boy

The price Janelle paid in struggle and heartache, the frightful odds against which she fought, the artistic and social triumphs which she attained are the milestones which mark the fascinating progress of this amazing story of modern life.

GRACE ALLEN HARDY.

RANSOM!

The Story of A Lost Child

By

Grace Allen Hardy

Chapter 1.

FATHER AGAINST DAUGHTER.

"I'D LIKE to be alone with my daughter, Martha!" said John Hudson, grimly, as he came into the room where the girl lay, spent and white, wracked with grief.

The faithful old colored woman who sat beside the bed hesitated, although in obvious fear of the master of the house.

"She be'n moughty sick, Marse John, suh — y'all won't git her all excited-like, suh?" she pleaded, afraid of him, yet daring, for the sake of the girl she adored, and whom she had reared since babyhood.

"I'll be very careful of her health!" said Janelle's father, and his words were very near a sneer. "Get OUT, Martha!" he snarled, savagely, when the faithful, devoted colored woman still hesitated.

And, frightened, she scuttled from the room.

John Hudson stood looking down at the girl who lay, so white and frail, her golden curls spread across the snowy pillow that was scarcely whiter than her face. He sat down in the chair

that Martha had vacated, and he glowered at the girl savagely.

"And now—I want the whole story!" he demanded, grimly.

"About—Bill?" asked Janelle, quietly.

"So you haven't even the decency to deny it!" grated her father, harshly.

"None whatever, Father—I loved Bill with my whole heart and soul, and he loved me! We belonged to each other—for—we were married, Father!" she told him, quietly.

(Oh, God, if she had only had the courage to face him like this a month, even a week ago! The glory of the happiness that she and Bill might have known, openly, in the face of the world—instead of little stolen, furtive glimpses of Heaven, skulking in hidden places!)

"Married?" cried her father, furiously. "I don't believe it!"

"It's quite true, Father!" insisted Janelle, so quietly, so simply that there was inescapable conviction in her words. "We drove to Clearwater—it's in South Carolina, you know, where we didn't have to have a license and we were married by a Justice of the Peace. It was that week I was supposed to be shopping, in Atlanta! We had—a week together—such a little time—and now—he's—dead!"

Her breath caught in her throat, and she hid her white, tortured face against the pillow, unable to face, without a wrench of agony, the hideous, inescapable truth—that Bill was—dead!

"You knew what I thought of him. You knew the riff-raff to whom he belonged—you knew that the Elliotts were the scrapings of the very earth—and yet you, my daughter, married one of them?" demanded Hudson, his tone ominously quiet with fury.

"Whatever his family may have been, or are, Father—that had nothing to do with it!" Janelle faced her father, for the first time in her life completely unafraid of him. "I loved Bill—I'll always love him, as long as I live. And I'll always be faithful to his memory. And—I don't mean to be impertinent, Father, but you mustn't say anything ugly about Bill—I won't listen!"

John Hudson glared down at the girl, a light of almost maniacal rage in his eyes. He was so angry that he scarcely dared trust himself near her. There had never been, in John Hudson's heart, any tenderness or fondness for this daughter. In his own fashion, he had loved the girl's mother. The fact that the birth of the child had robbed him of the woman who satisfied his passion—

which passed for love, in his own mind—had made him dislike and resent the child from the first.

Lately, however, he had seen in her a pawn that would further his political ambitions. Sherman Lawrence was interested in the girl. Sherman Lawrence could do a great deal to further John Hudson's political ambitions—if Sherman Lawrence were John Hudson's son-in-law—there were few political heights to which Hudson could not climb.

And now—just when his hopes were highest—just when Sherman was beginning to show his deepening interest in the girl, just when a word or a look could swing him one way or another—the three of them, Janelle, her father and Sherman, had gone to see Janelle's high school team play foot-ball. And in the middle of the game, a player had gone down beneath the onrush of the other team—and when the huddle was straightened out, the player lay dead. It had been Sherman who had brought the word of the dead player's name—and Janelle had shrieked and fainted!

Still, he told himself hopefully, the marriage had been kept very carefully secret. Perhaps, even yet, everything had not been lost. Even yet, if he played his cards carefully, he might be able to pull something out of the wreck.

He looked down at the girl, pale, big-eyed and thin from grief and subsequent illness. It would be fatal for Sherman to see her like this, and to know that grieving for a secret husband had made her look like this.

"I'm sending you and your Aunt Sarah to Florida for the winter! I suppose I may count on your willingness to go? Or is that too much to ask of you?" he was elaborately sarcastic, but Janelle, undisturbed by his sarcasm, merely answered, quietly:

"No, Father—I'll be very glad to get away!"

"Then that's good. You will leave in the morning, and it will be given out that you have broken down from over-study and are going to Florida for the winter, to recuperate!" said her father. "Have I your promise that you will continue to keep the secret of this—disgraceful affair with a man who wasn't fit to touch your shoe-laces——"

"Bill was the finest man I have ever known! I'm ready to listen to anything you have to say, Father, except an attack on Bill! To that I will not listen—now or ever!" Janelle cut in, sharply, her voice shaken, but her head up, her face set in an un-

yielding expression that intensified her resemblance to her father.

"You impertinent young hussy!" blazed her father, and for a moment, she thought he was about to strike her.

But as though he realized the folly of such an attack, he forced himself to a measure of control.

"We'll never get anywhere like this! What I wanted to suggest was that—if you could persuade yourself to—keep this secret awhile longer, it would be—helpful to my plans. I—do not want you here, while the months pass, and Nature takes her—inevitable course! I'll tell your aunt that you will be ready to leave the last of the week!" growled her father, and thrust back his chair, unable to trust himself to say any more.

The door slammed shut behind him, and, after a moment, it opened cautiously to reveal Martha's brown, worried face. She slipped into the room, and looked fearfully about her.

"Is he went?" she whispered, and not until Janelle had assured her of this, did she close the door behind her, and bring to Janelle the tray with its bowl of steaming boullion and a thin slice of bread and butter. "Hyah, Honey, you eat dis hyah good soup and dis bread an' butter—you got to tek kyah ob yo'se'f, Honey, an' keep yo' stren'th up!"

Janelle turned her head away, sobbing.

"I don't want to keep my strength up, Martha—I want to—die, and be with Bill!" she wailed, like a small, despairing child, as she covered her face with her hands.

"No, no, Honey—yo' mustn't cry, Honey-lamb—an' you mustn't talk about dyin'—you must be strong an'—think ob de li'l baby whut de doctah sez is comin'!" said Martha, her old voice warm with tenderness, her calloused old hands gentle.

A wave of feeling swept through the girl's suddenly taut body. It was true then! All of the vague suspicions which she had had were confirmed.

In her unique situation, a motherless girl, secretly married to Bill, there had been no opportunity to confirm that which her ignorance and inexperience had permitted her only to suspect.

"Martha," she whispered unsteadily. "It—it's true then?"

There were tears in Martha's kind, old eyes—tears of pity, of love and of tenderness for this girl who seemed still little more than a baby to her—for this girl whom she had reared from babyhood—but there was a gentle smile touching her wide old mouth

as she looked down at the girl.

"Yes, Honey-lamb—it's true. You gwine hab a li'l baby, honey—a bressed li'l baby whut old Martha's tak kyah ob, jes lak she did you when you was a baby!" she crooned, tenderly, holding the girl close in her loving, gentle, old arms.

For a long moment, Janelle was perfectly still, held close in the kind, old arms. It was true then! She'd known it all along! She, Janelle was going to have a baby! Bill's baby! A legacy of love from Bill!

Bill—her Bill—was gone and it had been the terrible shock of his sudden passing which had so prostrated her that she had been completely unconscious of her surroundings—she knew not for how long a time.

As Martha's confirmation of her own suspicions became fixed in her mind, a great wave of happiness swept over her heart, washing away some of the bitterness of Bill's death. Not the pain or the grief, but the bitterness that had tortured her. The baby would be a comfort, a consolation. Bill's legacy to her—The living fruit of their glowing, beautiful love—The living proof that such love as she and Bill had known could not die! It was true! She was going to be the mother of Bill's child!

She was trembling now, but a new strength had crept into her grief-wracked young body. There was even the ghost of a sparkle in the eyes that had wept until there were no more tears. A little fan of carnation color crept into the white, thin cheeks.

"A baby!" she whispered, only half aloud. And then, "Oh, Martha, I'm so glad it's true! I'm so glad it's true!"

"Dat's right, Honey. A little baby's somp'n to be glad fo'. You paw—he's powerful mad—he say you disgrace' him! But don' you worry none, Honey! Tain't no sin to have a baby fo' you husban' dat you love!" soothed Martha, and now she had no trouble coaxing the girl to drink the hot, strengthening soup and eat the bread and butter.

The pallor, the weakness, all vanished as the girl gained the comfort of full realization — the realization which Martha's confirmation of her own dreams had brought.

She had one final scene with her father before she left for Florida. She honestly wanted to make friends with her father, for she felt a great need of affection, and warmth, to surround her now, when she was approaching an ordeal that can never be made easy, but that can be faced more bravely if one is surrounded by

love and affection and kindness.

But John Hudson looked at his daughter as though he loathed her, and he said, merely,

"I suppose I may have your promise that you will not reveal the truth regarding your—er—condition, to any one at all, until I give you permission?"

"Of course, Father—it's not—the pleasantest thing in the world, you know, to bring a child into the world, when you've lost it's father, the only man in all the world you could ever really love! I'm—no more anxious to broadcast the news than you are!" she answered him, steadily.

"That sounds very sensible—except that it is nonsense that you will never love again! Why—you're only a child—this—experience will not change you completely. Within a year or two, you will have forgotten it completely——" began her father, but the little smile on Janelle's face, her sad eyes silenced him.

"No, Father—I loved Bill Elliott with everything my heart had to give—and to his child will go that love, as a legacy from Bill! There will never be another man in my life—never!" she said, so sternly that her father realized the futility of arguing with her.

"Well, there's no sense to an argument of this sort now! it's almost train-time, I—ah—think you'll like Florida—you've never been in this particular section to which I'm sending you, before! I—wish you well!" he was awkward in his effort to say good-bye.

"Thank you, Father—good-bye!" said Janelle, quietly, and from the window of the train, she looked back at him, there on the station platform—and suddenly, out of her own grief and unhappiness, softened by the knowledge of the child that was to come, she knew a feeling of pity for her father, who had lost his love, as she had. Through a mist of tears she watched him until the train had rounded a curve and he was lost to her sight. . . . .

When one contemplates that small figure seated dejectedly in the fast-moving train, it is hard to realize that there could be any connection between it and that beautious face and form which, in the course of an amazingly short time was to flash from the silver screen into the hearts of a million movie fans.

But Providence moves in inscrutible ways and the path to fame and happiness is often strewn with rocks and thorns.

Chapter 2

LIFE MUST GO ON!

TO JANELLE, who had never been to Florida in mid-winter before, the trip was a delight, and she loved the house to which she and Aunt Sarah and the faithful Martha came on a day that seemed like June, though the calendar said November.

It was a buff-colored stucco house, surrounded by blossoming shrubbery and vines, and Janelle's heart lifted with delight at the thought of her child—Bill's legacy of love.

The house was enclosed by a stucco wall, but beyond it, a white oyster-shell road led to the little fishing village a mile away—a place of dingy little houses, squalid shacks, and people who seemed quite content to live in such squalor. Janelle visited the village only once, and afterward was content with the buff-colored stucco house and its grounds.

The days drifted into weeks, and the weeks into months, until, on a poignantly perfect day in early summer, Janelle knew that her hour was upon her. All plans had been made. Within half an hour the doctor and nurse had arrived, and Janelle had descended into that Valley of the Shadow, over that Road of Agony and Terror, that women must travel who bring back with them the precious gift of Life.

She was very ill. So ill that for days her life was despaired of. But at last there came a twilight when she struggled up that long, long hill that led to consciousness, spent and gasping, and

knew the ineffable peace after the torture that seemed to have endured for countless aeons of time.

Martha was beside her—Martha and Aunt Sarah. Janelle saw that Martha's face was ashen, graven in deep wrinkles, her eyes sick and fearful. Even Aunt Sarah seemed a little less sure of herself than usual—Aunt Sarah, who was grim and forbidding, and cold-eyed, always quite sure of herself no matter what the world might be.

Memory returned on a flood of consciousness, and Janelle whispered, weakly,

"My—my—baby! I—want to see—my baby!"

"Oh, my li'l Honey-lamb——" said Martha, and burst into noisy tears.

Stark terror caught Janelle's heart in an iron grip, and she cried out, in fear. Aunt Sarah thrust Martha aside, and ordered her out of the room. Martha went, stumbling a little, blinded by her tears, and Aunt Sarah sat down beside Janelle's bed.

"You must be very brave, Janelle. You've got to face the truth!" said Aunt Sarah, almost harshly.

Janelle lay still, rigid, frightened—yet desiring to know the truth. Knowing that she must hear the truth—yet terrified.

"My—my—baby—PLEASE——" she whispered, but under the look in Aunt Sarah's eyes, her voice died in her throat.

"Your—baby, Janelle, is—dead!" said Aunt Sarah, quietly.

For a long moment, Janelle lay perfectly still as though the words had been a physical blow that had stunned her. The words made a great crashing noise in her brain, as though giant cymbals and brasses had been clashing together, over and over again. She lay still, while every vestige of life and hope and happiness seeped from her heart. Her baby was—dead! That little life that was to be Bill's legacy of love—was wiped out. Bill was dead—the baby was dead—she was utterly, desolately alone, for always.

"I'm terribly sorry, Janelle—didn't you understand? The baby is dead! It—was born dead!" repeated Aunt Sarah, afraid that the girl had not understood.

Janelle drew a long, sobbing, shaken breath, and her hands doubled into fists clenched so hard that the nails bit sharply into the palms. She flung back her head on the pillow and a terrible cry rang through the sunset-filled quiet of the house. A cry that was torn straight from the quivering, tortured heart of a human

being in mortal agony, and seemed to hang like something scarlet and quivering, on the air.

The doctor, parking his car in the drive, heard that terrible cry, and his face went gray. Then—she knew! They had told her! He took out his handkerchief and mopped his forehead.

"Oh—my God!" he whispered, under his breath. It was not an oath. It was a prayer for strength that would make it possible for him to carry through a plan that, through a human need for money, he had taken on. And then he picked up his case, and went into the house, with reluctant foot-steps. . . .

* * * * * * * * *

A year passed before Janelle returned to her father. He had made an unsuccessful run for the governorship, and had been very busy with his campaign. He had not missed her, save as a chess-player would miss a pawn with which he hoped to make a clever play upon the board.

She had gone away in November—and now it was late summer. Her baby had been born in the early summer, and she and Aunt Sarah had spent a year abroad, wandering in search of solace.

Tonight, John Hudson faced his daughter, and was a little uneasy before her. She had changed—he had sent away a young girl, tremulous, eagerly expectant of great joy, before the ordeal of motherhood—seeking in that motherhood solace for a terrible grief. That was the Janelle who had gone away—but the Janelle who had come home, after a year of foreign travel, following the birth and the loss of her baby, was an entirely different creature.

It was not only that she was almost two years older. It seemed to her father that she was colder, harder, with a cynical, embittered look in her eyes that seemed to age her much more than the short time she had been away.

"I—ah—was sorry about your—misfortune, Janelle!" said her father, awkwardly.

Janelle's face quivered, but instantly she had regained her composure.

"Were you, Father?" she returned coolly. "I thought you'd be glad!"

She helped herself to a cigarette from the hammered silver box on the table.

"I don't approve of women smoking, Janelle!" said her father.

Janelle smiled, as she tapped the cigarette on the back of her hand

"Don't you, Father? But then there are so many things of

She turned sharply away from him, unwilling that he should see her tears. (See Pg. 16)

which you don't approve!" she said, coolly, as she lit a match.

Her father snatched the cigarette from her slightly trembling hand and flung it away. He drew her down beside him on the divan, and faced her.

"Janelle, you and I have never been—very good friends, have we?" he asked, unexpectedly, and tried to throw into his voice all the warmth and appeal he used in making political speeches. "Well—things are going to be different from now on! I feel that—had I not failed you—all this that HAS happened to you—might have been avoided!"

Janelle's smile was faint, and acid.

"Just what is it you want me to do, Father?" she asked.

There was that quality in the very quietness with which she spoke which bore a world of meaning. It told her father that fate's cruel blows had converted this daughter of his from a school girl into a well-poised, and self confident woman of the world.

Her father colored a little and dropped her hand.

"Is it—necessary that I should want you to do anything for me—merely because I try to have an understanding with you?" he grated, harshly.

"Somehow, I can't help feeling—that it is! You're not deceiving me, Father—let's have it! What do you want me to do?" she returned, untouched by either his sincere anger, or his pretense of warmth.

Her level gaze met his eyes unflinchingly and convinced him that frankness and candor were the best tactics to adopt.

"Sherman Lawrence is very important to me—had I had him on my side, whole-heartedly, I'd be governor of this state today!" he told her, with unexpected frankness. "Now—he likes you very much. If you would be—nice to him, he would back me for senator, and I'd be guaranteed the election!"

Janelle looked up at him, smiling a little. Her father studied her—so finished, so perfect a thing that he scarcely recognized her as his daughter. Her golden hair smartly cut, and smartly waved; her skin as white and fine-grained as a camellia-blossom; the merest touch of lip-stick out-lining the curves of her young mouth, but no rouge to mar the perfect pallor of her white skin; the body that had been lovely in its girlish angularities, now filled out to maturity, exquisitely lissome and graceful: the modish gown of blue and white print, with the frilly collar and cuffs bespeaking the result of

a recent contact with the style authorities of Europe.

"So it's that, is it? Well, Father, I'll be nice to Sherman Lawrence—I'll dance with him, I'll give him dinner any time he wants to come down, and I'll even flirt with him a little, if it will help you—but—you might as well know now as later—I won't marry him, or any other man! Ever!" she said at last with a touch of grimness in her tone and manner.

Her father made a little impatient gesture.

"You don't mean that you are going to let this—crazy affair with Elliott spoil your life?" he demanded, harshly.

Janelle quivered as though he had struck her, and for a moment, the long-lashed white eyelids dropped over the hurt blue eyes, while she fought for composure. When next she looked up at him, he saw that her face was set like a little white mask.

The lips which during her struggle had been tightly compressed were finally relaxed and when she spoke at last it was in a very soft and gentle tone.

"Loving a man as I loved Bill—being loved by him—marrying him—losing him—bearing his child—his legacy of love to me—and then losing the child—you'd scarcely call that a 'crazy affair,' would you, Father? Crammed into a few months, I've had—what some women have for a whole life-time—so—my memories must—be untouched. They're—all I've got left!"

She turned sharply away from him, unwilling that he should see her tears—she felt, in her inmost heart of hearts, that he was her enemy, and as such, her code forbade that she should let him see her tears.

There was a little silence, and then her father said,

"Very well, then—it shall be as you say! You will merely be a gracious hostess to Sherman and other of my friends who come down. You will—not discourage Sherman—and, most of all, you will give me your solemn word of honor that you will not tell Sherman of—Elliott, or the child——"

"You needn't worry, Father," she interrupted swiftly, "those are things locked so deeply in my heart that—I never want to talk about them—to any living soul!"

A note of asperity characterized her reply but it did not deter the father from continuing to press his point.

"But you will give me your word of honor not to tell Sherman?" he insisted.

"Of course, Father—and now, if you don't mind—I'll say good-night. It's been—a tiring day!" said Janelle, and left the room.

For a long moment after she had gone, her father stood quite still, lost in thought. But suddenly, he smiled a little—a self-satisfied smile that was almost of triumph.

In her own room, Janelle locked the door, and sat down in a big wing-chair, with a little hand-carved ivory chest in her lap It was a lovely thing, like a small handkerchief box, and Janelle fitted into its cleverly hidden lock a small golden key that she wore on a little chain, inside her gown, warm against her breast.

She laid back the lid of the little box, and took out a pitifully thin sheaf of letters, tied together with a wide satin ribbon. At the bottom of the box, there were two folded newspaper clippings. One she unfolded with shaking fingers, and, through tear-dimmed eyes looked down at a newspaper photograph—the photograph of a man in football togs, and, beside him, a girl in a fur coat and a little close-hat, her arms filled with chrysanthemums.

A tear dropped on the precious picture, and she wiped it carefully away. The other clipping she dared not unfold. It told of Bill's death—she had never read it—she had never dared. Martha had cut it out of the local paper and had brought it to her.

She sat for a long time with the letters in one hand, the clipping in the other. She was thinking of how different things might have been, if she and Bill had told the world of their marriage—if they had left high school and Bill had gone to work—he would not have played in that tragic Thanksgiving Day game.

Great tears slid down her white face, as she thought of Bill—and of a pitifully tiny grave beneath a lovely allamanda vine in Florida—a tiny grave that the allamanda strewed daily with fragrant yellow blossoms—and from which tiny, ghostly hands seemed to clutch at Janelle's heart.

"Hearts break!" she whispered, aloud, on a stricken note. "Oh, yes, hearts DO break—but the terrible part of it is that—life goes on!"

She dropped her head on her arms, folded on the chair arm, and beneath her breath, she cried out, sharply,

"Oh, Bill. Bill, darling—I miss you so—I miss you so!"

Chapter 4.

"HER RIGHTFUL PLACE."

IT WAS at breakfast the next morning that John Hudson announced, proudly to Aunt Sarah,

"Well, Sarah, I guess you'll be glad to know that Janelle has learned her lesson—and that, at last, she is going to take her rightful place in society!"

Janelle's smile was a trifle bitter, but she said nothing.

"Her rightful place!" commented Aunt Sarah, with a trace of sarcasm, and Janelle knew that Aunt Sarah was thinking of the Hacienda del Cerro, and of the little grave beneath the allamanda.

"Her rightful place as the hostess of my home—she is going to help my political campaign by being a sweet and dutiful daughter! She can be a great asset you know, in my campaign!" he boasted.

"That'll be nice—then I can give my attention to the housekeeping and the estate!" said Aunt Sarah, with relief. "It's about time—things are going to rack and ruin!"

The old butler thrust his head into the room, saw that they were ready for waffles, and came proudly in with a silver tray on which were three deliciously golden brown, crisp-looking waffles.

"'Scuse me, Miss Sarah, ma'am, but Marthy's done be'n tuk bad sick—she say she lak to see Miss Janelle, torectly after brekfus, please ma'am!" he said, apologetically, as he placed the waffles before Aunt Sarah.

Janelle looked up, startled.

To this girl, bred in the sunny southland, her old nurse meant a great deal more than merely a devoted servant. Here was a loving soul who from her babyhood had given her all of the affection, the caresses, the watchful care and devotion that her mother might have given her had she lived.

To Janelle, Martha meant a life-time tradition of crooning lullabies, of protecting arms, of administering hands, of sympathetic ears, of loyal unquestioning love.

So there was real concern in her voice when she responded to the old butler's message.

"Martha ill? Why, I'll go to her at once!" she said swiftly.

Her father and Aunt Sarah exchanged a swift, warning glance. There was something of alarm in that glance as well as warning and a silent interchange of thought. It was lost on Janelle, intent as she was on her concern for Martha.

"But you can't, Janelle—you promised to drive in town with me to meet Sherman, and we'll miss him if we don't hurry. We won't even have time for a waffle, if we don't hurry!" objected her father.

"I'll go to Martha—and you can see her as soon as you come back from the train!" said Aunt Sarah. "It's nothing serious—Martha's getting quite old you know—she must be well past sixty! You go along to meet Mr. Lawrence and I'll look after her personally."

Her father's calmness, her aunt's matter of factness, convinced the girl that they were right. After all, she would be back from the station in little more than an hour, and she would see Martha then.

So she ran up-stairs for her light wrap and her small, close-fitting hat with its gay little feather, before she came down to drive her father to the station. She had a moment of compunction as she got into the car, wondering what poor Martha would think. Her aunt was right, Martha was getting old. She had missed Janelle keenly during her long absence from home. Now that she was back, Janelle resolved, she must give her old nurse every attention and see that she got the comforts she deserved and required. But, right now, after all, she had promised her father to help him with his campaign and she couldn't begin by refusing the first request he made.

It was a beautifully crisp day, when the blue sky overhead was dotted with fleecy white clouds, and the brilliant sun shone down without much warmth. A crisp little wind was blowing, too, rustling the dead leaves which whirled and scampered in little eddies across the well paved road along which the high-powered car so silently and swiftly glided.

Janelle drove the car and her father, sitting beside her, turned now and then to look at her, with a slow, measuring look, but he said nothing, until they reached the station, just as the train was pulling in.

"Good girl! We just made it!" he commented as he helped her out of the car.

Sherman Lawrence swung himself off the train, his face alight with eagerness, as he came towards them. He was the same Sherman Lawrence as of old, handsome, masculine, trim of build, well-tailored and well groomed; with the urbane confidence of the successful man, sure of himself and of his position in society.

His face lit with delighted surprise as he recognized Janelle standing on the station platform beside her father.

"Well, Miss Janelle! This is a pleasant surprise! I had no idea you were back! No need to ask how you are—you are looking more beautiful than ever" he greeted her, his hand closing swiftly over hers and holding it close.

"Thanks—and you are quite as flattering as ever!" said Janelle, and laughed, as she turned and led the way towards the car, her father pausing to direct the porter with Sherman's bags.

"I hear you've been abroad—made the grand tour and all that! I am looking forward to the pleasure of hearing all about it. I suppose it was quite an experience?" commented Sherman, when they were in the car driving back towards the square, red brick house that was home to Janelle.

"Oh—nice enough! I was—ill, you know, so my memories of the trip are not too clear—or—too pleasant!" said Janelle, her mouth settling into a little hard line.

Sherman, looking down at her, was surprised at the change of her expression. Evidently, she HAD been quite ill—she had changed. He sensed immediately that same change had taken place in her since the last time he had seen her. She was no longer the lovely young girl, trembling on the brink of womanhood—the girl who was sweet and young, and shy—she was quite as

lovely, and she seemed scarcely older—it was in some other way that the change made itself apparent. He could not be quite sure just how—he was conscious only of the change.

Suddenly, he put his thoughts into words.

"You've changed, Janelle!" he said, unexpectedly.

She looked up at him, swiftly, and her hands closed a little more firmly on the steering-wheel.

"I'm—older!" she pointed out.

"But—only a year—surely a year couldn't make so much difference!" he protested.

Janelle drew a long, shaken breath, and grew even paler, as she set her foot hard on the accelerator, sending the car speeding ahead, recklessly. Her father, on the rear seat clutched his hat and uttered an exclamation to which the two on the front seat were oblivious, being immersed in their own thoughts and words.

"Some years—are longer than others—and—a great deal can happen in them!" she told him, harshly, and then, regaining her control, she slowed the car to a more seemly pace, and looked up at him, swiftly. "Perhaps you don't like me as much as you did a year ago?"

The question was a challenge, and Sherman realized that, entirely without rudeness, quite coolly and simply, she was assuring him that it made little or no difference whether he liked her or not—she was not deeply concerned. Her carelessness, her matter-of-factness stirred him to meet the challenge—he was not accustomed to having slender young snips of girls like this one, barely nineteen years old, assuring him so casually that they cared little whether he liked them or not.

"On the contrary," he told her, promptly. "I—believe I like the new Janelle even better than the old!"

She smiled at him, lightly, and he thought, although he could not be quite sure, that she lifted her shoulders in a tiny shrug. But it might have been only his imagination, or if the shrug did occur it was an involuntary motion, for Janelle neither from impulse, training nor nature would have been so deliberately rude. But by now the car had turned in through the open gates and up the drive, towards the big, square, red brick house.

At the porte-cochere, Aunt Sarah waited to greet the new guest and to direct the servants with his bags. Sherman, accepting Janelle's invitation to ride before dinner, excused himself to change,

and Janelle was left for a moment with Aunt Sarah.

"Did you see Martha, Aunt Sarah? Is she better? I must run over to her cabin to see her!" said Janelle, quite sure that Martha's illness was something due merely to her age.

But Aunt Sarah looked grave.

"No, you mustn't go over, Janelle!" she returned, grimly.

"But, why not?" asked Janelle, surprised.

"Because Martha is very ill, Janelle," her aunt replied.

"But then, I surely must see her. She wants me and needs me," and Janelle started away.

"Janelle," Aunt Sarah exclaimed sharply. "Come back here."

There was something in her aunt's tone which halted the niece. She gazed at her aunt, concerned, hesitant.

"Janelle," said Aunt Sarah, "Martha has the small-pox!"

Janelle cried out in horror. Aunt Sarah nodded, her hands folded.

"I've had her isolated in a cabin at the end of the lane—old Jethro's cabin—and Dr. Watson telephoned for a nurse. No one must go near her—or the whole place will be quarantined! No, there's nothing you can do—don't be silly. You mustn't even go near the place!" she protested the girl's eager movement, her little cry of sympathy.

"But, Aunt Sarah—she sent for me—if she is ill—oh, but she's been—almost like a mother to me—I can't desert her now!" protested Janelle.

Aunt Sarah caught the girl as she turned towards the lane that was bordered on either side by the little two-roomed, white-washed cabins of the field hands and the house-servants.

"Don't be an idiot, Janelle—I've told you it's small-pox—do you want the whole place quarantined—the whole household—all of us placed in danger of an ugly disease—just because of a troublesome conscience about a servant? Martha is having the very best of care—it can't do her any good to see you—besides, she's—delirious, she wouldn't know you!" protested Aunt Sarah, annoyed.

The fact that she would not quite meet Janelle's eyes did not, at the moment, arouse the girl's attention. Janelle was so worried, so saddened by the illness of her faithful, devoted old nurse that she was oblivious to any evasion on her aunt's part. Her thought was all for her old nurse who lay seriously ill.

Reluctantly, she was forced to admit that, if Martha were

being cared for, and wanted nothing, then it could not help her for Janelle to go to see her, and to risk spreading the dread disease throughout the plantation. For the sake of the fifty or more field hands and house-servants, as well as the family, she must stay

"You are lying, Aunt Sarah!" she spoke with a level, almost monotonous tone that had a terrifying note to it. The girl was very near the border-line of madness, and Sherman realized it.

(See page 36, in No. 2.)

away from Martha, despite her own desire to see and comfort the faithful, devoted soul. So, at last, she went up to her own room, changed her misty blue-gray tweed suit for a riding habit of gabardine riding-trousers, a rough wooly brown sweater, and a little wooly brown beret, with high laced boots on her slender feet and legs. Gazing into her mirror she approved of the picture which her self-inspection revealed.

When Sherman came down, dressed in riding togs, she was waiting for him, and a groom was holding the two horses. He, too, must have approved of the picture which Janelle presented for his eyes lighted at sight of her, and, beneath that light, a little warm wave of color crept over Janelle's face. But she said nothing, only allowing him to help her into the saddle, and a few moments later, they galloped off down the drive.

Aunt Sarah and John Hudson stood in the living-room, screened by the thin draperies, to watch them go. When they had vanished down the drive, John Hudson dropped the curtain and turned to his sister, his eyes glistening a little.

"It's working out much better than I had dared hope. If only he will marry her—" he said, and Aunt Sarah cut in, sharply.

"He'll marry her—if she'll have him! He's just at the age when a girl like Janelle can stand him on his head! But—you can't count on Janelle! She's likely to kick over the traces without a minute's warning!"

John Hudson's face grew grim and ugly, his fists clenched.

"She'll marry him—if I have to force her to it!" he said, harshly.

"If ever she finds out—what happened—in Florida!" Aunt Sarah shuddered a little.

"She must never find out—never—do you hear?" growled John Hudson.

"You know the only person who's likely to tell her!" said Aunt Sarah. "Martha's—conscience is troubling her!"

"Martha's mouth must be kept shut—if not in one way—then in another!" said John Hudson, and murder looked for a moment from his eyes. "This is my daughter's chance to take her rightful place in the world—and NOTHING must be allowed to interfere!"

Aunt Sarah nodded in silent agreement—but there was something ugly, something wicked and hideous in the significant look that they exchanged.

Chapter 4.

"WILL YOU MARRY ME?"

HERMAN LAWRENCE delayed his departure, lingering in the spell of Janelle's presence. Now and then he made half-hearted protests that he must go away soon—but he was always quite willing to listen to John Hudson's insistence that he stay on a little longer.

There were dinner-parties in his honor. A dance at the Country Club. Riding-parties that ended in picnics.

And at last there was a night when Janelle had invited a dozen or more couples in for an informal dance. The soft, seductive music mingled with the murmured between-partner conversations on the dance floor. The young people were having a good time, yielding completely to the sensuous rhythm of the modern dance. Sherman and Janelle danced several times together. Finally he managed to get her alone in the little sun-room that opened off the big living-room, where the dancing was taking place.

This sun-room was a glassed-in porch, made bright with chintz draperies, with wicker terneries, with cages of singing birds, and wicker furniture upholstered with bright colored cretonne. Here, among the soft shadows of the room, Sherman and Janelle sat down, side by side, smiling at each other.

Janelle's fascinating beauty was enhanced by the flush due to the pleasurable excitement of the dance. The effect was not lost upon Sherman who gazed at her with more than admiration.

"This has been a most beautiful week," he said.

Janelle's hand lay in her lap, the pink-tipped fingers curled a little, and Sherman put out his hand and closed it over hers. He lifted the small hand, and studied it, gravely

"Such a small, soft hand—to hold a man's life and future in its grasp!" he said, his voice low and not too steady.

Startled, Janelle looked swiftly at him, and saw that he was a little pale, but that there was a smile about his mouth, though his eyes were very grave and tender.

"Don't look so frightened!" he said, softly. "Surely you must know that I love you, and that—I want you for my wife!"

Janelle drew her hand away, and shrank from him, trembling, her face as white as her chiffon frock.

"Oh—no, no, you—you mustn't say that—I—I—can never marry you! Never!" she protested, unsteadily.

Sherman's expression altered a little, and she saw that his eyes betrayed his hurt. But, very quietly, very steadily, he asked,

"Is it—because I seem—old to you, Janelle? After all—I'm nearly thirty-four, and you're—only nineteen! Is—that it?"

"Oh, no—it has nothing to do with—age! It's just that—that—I—don't love you—like that. I—never shall love any one like that—again!" stammered Janelle.

"You mean, don't you, that you will never again love anyone as you loved—young Elliott?" asked Sherman, gravely.

Janelle caught her breath, and faced him, her eyes wide and dark in the white mask of her pallid face.

"You—you—know about—that?" she whispered, faintly.

"Of course, dear—I was at the game, the day he was—killed! Forgive me—you see, I knew instantly that you—cared for him! Your father told me, later, the whole story!" he explained.

Janelle was trembling violently.

"You—you—know about—Florida—about what happened there—everything?" Janelle repeated, bewildered. If her father had already told Sherman the story—then why had her father extracted from her a promise that she would not tell Sherman?

"I know the whole story, dear—that's why I say that I don't expect you to love me as you did—young Elliott. That's too much to expect—you were a boy and a girl, gloriously in love with the springtime of life about you—it was—rotten luck that he had to—go—but at least, you had the glory of young love!" Sherman went

on, after a moment. "But what I am offering you now, darling, is the devotion, the love and tenderness of a man old enough to take care of you—to protect and shield you from the slightest blow. I can give you everything in the world that money can buy—besides love and tenderness—and, in return, all that I ask of you is that you will let me TEACH you to care for me! I ask nothing more than that—if I can teach you to love me, I would be the happiest man in the world. If I can't—then I will set you free again! It—isn't a lot to ask, is it, my dearest?"

Janelle was listening, wide-eyed. He offered her a haven—a refuge. She liked him more than any man she had ever known. He had all of the manly qualities that attract admiration and respect. He was handsome, athletic, vigorous in manner and enthusiastic in his attitude to life. And above all he possessed intelligence, character and kindliness to an unusual degree. She did not love him as she had loved Bill but she knew that never again would she love any one as she had loved Bill.

"Will you marry me, Janelle, and give me a chance to prove that I do love you, and that I will try very hard to make you happy?" asked Sherman, after a moment.

"You—you are willing to marry me—knowing that I don't —love you?" she stammered, trembling.

"Of course, my darling—gloriously willing—because I love you so much that—sooner or later you will HAVE to love me, in return!" said Sherman, and then, with a little faint smile, he asked, "After all, Janelle, you don't actually HATE me, do you?"

Janelle flung out her hand and caught his close, in both her own—an impulsive little-girl gesture that made Sherman's heart beat loudly.

"I LIKE you more than any man I know—and—if you are willing to—marry me, and—wait for my love, I will marry you! But —be patient with me—don't rush me! I loved Bill with all my heart —it will be—hard to care for—any one else!" she stammered.

Sherman bent his head and kissed the two small hands that held his own. The gesture concealed a little flash of jealousy in his eyes which vanished as quickly as it appeared and when he looked up, he was smiling.

"Then—it's a bargain? We are engaged?" he asked.

Janelle drew a long, hard breath.

"Yes!" she said, rashly, with the gesture of discarding any

lingering doubts. "Yes—it's a bargain! I will—marry you!"

Sherman's unbounded joy shone from his eyes, beamed in his smile, and in his exuberance he appeared unusually boyish.

"Then—may I announce it now—or ask your father to? I can't wait for the world to find out that the sweetest girl in the world is going to be mine!" he pleaded, so eagerly that Janelle arose and went with him out of the little sun-parlor, to the big living-room, where her father was standing with Aunt Sarah and gazing with pleasure upon the merry throng of young folk.

He turned, as Sherman and Janelle came up, hand in hand and immediately he saw their attitude, his face lit up.

"Well, well—what's this?" he demanded, though his eyes reflected his eagerness to know.

"Mr. Hudson, Janelle has consented to marry me—and we've come to ask for your consent!" said Sherman, happily and proudly and standing very erect indeed.

There was confidence in his manner—as though he knew and understood just how delighted Hudson was by the announcement. And, when Hudson and Aunt Sarah had given their consent with the proper amount of seeming reluctance, John Hudson turned to face the group of dancers, and silenced the orchestra.

"Ladies and gentlemen, my friends, and my daughter's friends—we want you to be the first to know of the engagement of my daughter, Janelle, to my good friend, Mr. Sherman Lawrence!" he announced, and the rest of his speech was drowned in the spatter of applause, the laughter and gay words of the guests as they crowded about the newly engaged two, offering their congratulations and good wishes.

Suddenly, one of the girls screamed, and flung her arms about her escort's neck, shaking with terror.

The patter of gay conversation died instantly and all stood staring, startled, aghast at this jarring interruption.

"What's the matter, Frances?" several voices demanded and the girl who had uttered the scream was the target of all eyes.

"It was a face!" she cried, clinging with fright to her escort, pointing with trembling hand towards a window behind her. "A—perfectly—terrible face. It was—looking in at us—glowering—oh, it was—horrible!"

"It must have been one of the field hands peeping in, listening to the music!" said Hudson, quickly.

"Oh, no—it was—horrible. A dreadful, ashy looking face—like—like—something—dead!" wailed the girl, and they saw that she was on the verge of hysteria.

The other girls crowded about, trying to comfort her, while the men hurried out of the house, in a search for the peeper who had so frightened her.

A moon like a great silver platter shone high in a cold blue sky. The leafless trees threw starkly black shadows across the moon-silvered lawn, and only the magnolia trees and the evergreens were thick enough to make bulky shadows.

Janelle, standing on the wide veranda, watching the search, shivered a little as though a cold wind had blown over her.

On one of those never-to-be-forgotten moments in the precious, dead past her beloved Bill had said, "I WILL LOVE YOU AS LONG AS I LIVE—AND I THINK—EVEN AFTERWARDS!" Had that love been strong enough to bridge the gulf that lies between the Living and the Dead? Had that love been strong enough to bring back his troubled spirit tonight—to look accusingly through that window at her, as she pledged her troth to another man? Could it be that in that Great Beyond, from which we are told there is no return, a love as big and as alive as hers and Bill's, had brought him back to show her that she was being unfaithful?

She lifted her head, looking up at the moon, at the thin, cold blue sky, and she spoke in a whisper barely above her breath.

"Bill—can you hear me, dear? I'm not—being unfaithful, dear! He understands that I love you, alone—that I'll never love any one else. But—it's so lonely, dear, without you and without the baby—our little legacy-of-love-baby—and if it will make him happy for me to marry him—perhaps making him happy will help to make me happy too! Bill, dear, you DO understand—don't you?"

She waited, tense, listening, every nerve strained—WHAT WAS THAT? Was it the wind, faint and chill, sighing through the leafless trees? Or—was it a faint whisper from the Great Beyond—a whisper that said, "I do, dearest—I do understand!"

Janelle started as some one spoke at her elbow, and she turned to face Sherman.

"We've searched the grounds, and can't find a thing. All the servants and field-hands are in bed—except those who are in the house—I think Frances must have seen a reflection of one of our own faces in the windows—that's probably what frightened her!" he said, comfortingly, and as Janelle shivered, he put his arm about

her, and drew her close. "You're cold, darling—come into the house!"

And Janelle, feeling oddly comforted by the little whispering wind that had swept over the trees and that had seemed to bring her a whisper from Bill, let Sherman draw her into the warm, lighted room, where the guests were getting ready to depart.

Frances, who had seen the face in the window was tearfully protesting that she had not been mistaken—that she had not merely imagined it—and that she had seen it quite distinctly.

But the others, considerably encouraged after their search of the grounds, were laughing at her, and teasing her—when suddenly, a couple who had already gone out on the porch, screamed, and came running back into the room, their faces white, their eyes large.

"Darn it, Francie was right—there IS something out there—crawling on the veranda and making the darndest noises—they make your flesh creep!" cried the boy.

Instantly, the others turned to the door—but before they could move to touch it, it was pushed open, and something crawled, with infinite labor, across the threshold. Something that was shapeless, and clad in an enveloping black, robe-like covering. Something that panted with laboring breaths, and advanced torturous inch by inch.

So unexpected was it that it was a full moment before any of them realized that the shapeless thing crawling there on the floor was human—and not until a dark, ashen face was lifted, a face fixed in the grimace of death—did Janelle know the apparition. It was Martha!

Janelle gave a great gasping cry, and for an instant, a flicker of expression erased the grimace of death on that faithful, tortured black face.

"Miss Janelle—ma—po'—bressed—lamb!"

The words came in a broken, gasping little cry, widely spaced, and on the last word, the poor creature slid forward, spent.

Janelle sprang to her. Aunt Sarah caught the girl, and cried out,

"Stop—remember, Janelle—she has small-pox!"

"She's MY Martha—and I don't care what she's got—I'm going to take care of her!" cried the girl, as she tore herself free of her aunt's hand.

She knelt beside that pitiful, shapeless bundle, and turned it

over, cradling the woolly-white old head in her arms. She saw that Martha wore her long-sleeved, thick flannel night-dress and woolen carpet-slippers. The black covering was a wide, old-fashioned cape. Janelle saw that the bottom of the gown was muddy, earth-stained—and knew that this poor creature had crawled on her hands and knees from Jethro's cabin, three-quarters of a mile away, to see her, Janelle!

"Here, dear—a pillow for her head—and spread this over her!"

Sherman was kneeling beside her, putting pillows beneath the tired old head, spreading a wrap over the thin, shaking body. He took out a silver flask, unscrewed the cap, and forced a little of the liquor through Martha's clenched teeth.

Above her head, Janelle heard her father and her aunt quarrelling viciously. Her father was accusing her aunt of something—and her aunt was answering him, sharply, denying any blame for what had happened. Apparently, Martha's presence here was most unwelcome—and Janelle, remembering that Martha was supposed to have small-pox, looked in surprise at the smooth, ashen skin—heard the hard, stertorous breathing that proclaims pneumonia in the lungs.

"I'm not an expert—but I'd say the poor soul has influenza —lucky if this trip tonight doesn't progress into pneumonia!" said Sherman, to Janelle.

She looked up, accusingly, at her aunt.

"You told me that it was small-pox!" she accused.

"Influenza is contagious—I didn't want the place infested with it—so I told you something that I hoped would keep you away from her!" said Aunt Sarah, grimly.

"Yet she wanted to see me so badly that she slipped away from her nurse and crawled here on her hands and knees, through this cold night—Aunt Sarah, I was never so near hating you in my life!" said Janelle, honestly.

"She's only an ignorant old servant!" shrugged Aunt Sarah, disdainfully—but she could not quite meet Janelle's hard, accusing eyes.

"She's the most loyal, the most faithful, the most devoted soul that ever lived—and I'd far rather have her chance of Heaven than yours!" said Janelle, sternly.

The party-guests were grouped together at the back of the room, staring, listening, whispering, vastly entertained by this peep

behind the scenes of the show-place of the section.

Martha, revived a little by the liquor that had been forced down her throat, stirred a little, moaned and coughed. Her eyes opened, and she saw Janelle, bending over her. As she spoke now, her voice was a little stronger, as though in the urgency of her need to speak, she managed, somehow, to find words.

"I had to see you. Honey—dey's somethin'—you's jest got to know—befo' Martha kin meet de bressed Makeh!" she whispered. "I ain't had a peaceful moment—since it happened——"

"Martha! Remember your promise!" came Aunt Sarah's voice, like the crack of a whip, and Janelle felt the frail old body flinch a little as though the whip had struck.

" 'Tain't—no use—tryin' to—skeer me, Miss Sa'ah, ma'am—tain't no use—I'm—a heap more afeerd to face—Marse Bill, and de good Lawd, wid dis lie on my lips—dan I is, to face you and Marse John—scusin' yo' presence, suh!" whispered the tired old voice.

She was weakening fast, and once more Sherman forced a bit of the liquor between her clenched teeth. When it had had its warming effect, Janelle asked, swiftly.

"Martha, dear—what is it? Don't be afraid—it's Miss Janelle, dear—what is it you want to tell her?"

Martha's hard, gnarled old hand clung to the small, soft hand that held hers so tenderly, and she said, very low,

"It's—about—yo' li'l—baby, Miss Janie!"

Sherman caught his breath and staggered, as though he had been dealt a savage blow. The color receded from his face, leaving it white and set, his eyes blazing. But Janelle was bending over the faithful Martha, oblivious to anything and everything else.

"Yes, dear—my—little baby—but—it—died, y o u know!" said Janelle, forgetting the roomful of interested, curious people, anxious only to clear the poor, fading mind so that it could give the message that had tortured it.

Martha struggled upright a little, clinging to Janelle.

"No'm, honey—da's—what I be'n—wantin'—to tell—you! De li'l—baby—it—didn't—die! It—didn't—die!" she cried, with a last burst of dying strength.

And before Janelle could ask more, before the shock of the thing that Martha had told her could penetrate her stunned mind, the lifeless body of old Martha sagged back upon the cushions—dead.

Continued in Next Number.

What was the Green Orchid? What did it signify? How did this strange, sinister flower, that looked like a nest of snakes, enter into the fortunes of Janelle and her child?

What of Hollywood? How did Janelle fit into the life of that glamorous city where sometimes the make-believe of the screen seems less fantastic than the real lives of some of the leading inhabitants?

What of the Great Kidnapping Case? Read the developments in the amazing chain of events which led to a search over the length and breadth of a continent.

To the woman who has felt the tug of baby hands at her heart-strings; to the woman who has felt the warm glow of affection for a man of strength and character; and to the woman who has known neither of these things but who has dreamt of both; to all of these this story of the life of a prominent Moving Picture Star will present many delightful moments of ecstatic romance.

To the man who loves tales of action and mystery, valour and devotion, together with the love of brave and vigorous youth for beautiful womanhood, we also recommend this story.

THE PUBLISHERS.

PLEASE preserve this sample copy. Representative will call in a few days with continuing numbers. Should he fail to find you at home the following numbers can be obtained by writing to address below.

Printed in U. S. A.